# THE VOICE OF THE PULPIT

MYSTERIES: THEY ARE TO BE EX-PECTED IN RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS.

Short Sermon by the Rev. Louis B Voorhees, Pastor First Congregational Church, Groton, Mass.

The secret things belong unto the Lord, Tradition Says They Fight Better our God.-Deut, xxix, 29.

"Religion is a mystery; I cannot understand it." is an objection sometimes heard when individuals are asked to accept its claims. To many persons it seems a hazy

existence, and that they perplexed the people. Our text-book tells us that "great are the mysteries of godliness," and coufesses that it contains some things that are "hard to be understood."

In endeavoring to throw some light on these problems, I remark:

First-There are and must be mysteries | injunction: about all systems of truth; they are not peculiar to revealed religion. Suppose we leave the Bible out of account, are there any less difficulties in natural theology? Let us see. One of the most familiar and popular arguments for the existence of God adaptation of means to ends, we say, proves an adapting cause - that the eye is clearly a contrivance for seeing that it is evident that He who made the light and gave to it its laws made also the eye, with its cornea, its retina, its lenses and its nerves. It was made for vision. \*

The ear is a wonderful apparatus for hearing. How much of power and skill are compacted within this bundle of bones, sinews and muscles which we call a hand? This marvelous instrument suggests a divine mind, and is worthy of it. Our minds are more wonderful still. They can use this material body as they will. By our intellectual faculties we gain dominion over the his sensations when first under fire. She world. We harness the great natural forces | asked him: and make the lower animals our obedient servants. Reason, conscience, imagination and will, all point to a great personal, contriving God. They could only come from | Much interested, the nurse asked him the

But where are we? We are sure that our minds indicate a wonderful designing Creator as their cause. But what as to the mind of this first cause? What as to the great eye of God, that sweeps immensity with its glance? What as to the ear that hears the whispers that come through endspinning through space, and upholds them by its power? What as to the intellect that conceived and created this stupendous universe and superintends its manifold activi-

GOD A CREATED BEING. Much more than mine, must the eye, and ear, and hand, and mind of God have had a great contriving cause. The argument that proves that these material objects and that we ourselves must have had a

Let us for a moment glance at natural and rise philosophy. We find puzzles in heat, in light, in sound; mysteries in chemistry, |

about heat. Heat is a very commonplace stood by the scientist. If we chance upon from the heated body and enters other bodies. We test the truth of this theory. We come in very cold and sit by the stove until warm and weigh ourselves, and find that we have not increased in specific gravity, and we give up the theory as untrue. Then we take a modern treatise to ascertain the latest utterance of science. The author tells us there is strong reason to believe that heat is a mode of motion. When a body is heated the particles begin to move about among themselves, the atoms are thrown into violent agitation. I question my book as to what is sound, and I find that sound is caused by the vibrations of the particles of a body. Then why doesn't nate comments on the tree and the horses. a heated body emit sound? We thank the scientist for informing us that heat is a mode of motion, but we do not understand

it any better than before. The skeptic who writes about the unknowableness of religion cannot explain the heat that warms his writing hand, nor the cheerful sound of the blazing fire on his hearth. Carlyle says: "The world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle, wonderful, inscrutable, magical and more, to whomever will think of it."

What do we know about ourselves? Not much. Impenetrable mysteries cluster about the very beginnings of our being. Life itself is a Sphinx, and science cannot extort an answer from its closed lips. No one can explain it, or even adequately define it. We | know ourselves to be soul and body, mind and matter. But what is mind and what is matter? The laconic answer of the professor to his pupil tells us about all we know. Asked "What is mind?" he answered: "No matter;" "what is matter?" he replied:

"Never mind ' We are ourselves inscrutable problems to ourselves. Now, we have not been searching the immensities of space for mysteries, nor exploring the remote regions of illimitable time for puzzles. We have been quizzing the common phenomena about us. In the same field you may see a goose, a cow and a sheep, all eating grass. In one case the grass makes feathers, in another hair and in the third wool, or we may say that it is making gooseflesh, beef and mutton. By a wonderful transformation, it is true that "all flesh is grass!"

Yet the very grass of the field, acted on by a marvelous animal chemistry, supports our lives, helps us to gain an intellectual grasp of truth and gives us a vision of God. It is as great a mystery as anything we find in our Bibles. There stretches out before us a sea of knowledge. How can we cross it? Here is a ferryboat called Science. We gladly go on board, but we find that all it can do is to take us across the shallow to leave us in the profound depths beyond. Yes, we believe in science, though it is a bundle of mysteries. And we believe in religion, though it has some things hard to be

MYSTERIES MUST BE EXPECTED. Again, these considerations become more significant when we remember that mysteries are to be expected above all in a revelation of God.

Hiero, King of Syracuse several centuries before Christ, was a learned man and patron of literature. The great poets Aeschylus, Pindar and Simonides belonged to his court. The King asked Simonides, "What is God?" Simonides asked a day to consider his reply. When the day had passed he asked for two days more, and when these had been spent he asked for four days. Hiero expressed his surprise, and Simonides said; "The more I think of God the more mysterious and unknown He is to me. It is God's greatness that makes Him incomprehensible. We have found much in the things that He has made that we cannot understand. It is unreasonable to expect that when we think of Him, or His character and of His will, our minds will be submerged in truth beyond their

God lives and acts upon a plane entirely fully; if all He is and does were within the grasp of our weak, finite minds, we could not revere and adore Him as we do. It is transcendent power and spirituality that make liim to exceed the limits of thoughts. He would be but a poor God whom we could perfectly understand. Here we can expect to explore only the shallows of His being and action. It will take sternity to sound the abysses of His mys-

terious love. A very practical thought for us all iswe do not have to solve puzzles to discover what we must do to inherit eternal life. There are many things connected with religion that perplex us, but this we can know-that God loves us with a surpassing affection, would emancipate us from the power of sin and would shape us in forms that would fit us for heaven. How foolish, then, to busy ourselves with insoluble mysteries, to the exclusion of the plain duties of righteous living and Christian service. He who uses the light of the sun for the practical purposes of life will find it sufficient, while his speculative brother seeking to gaze into its mysteries will be blinded by its glare. The inquiry, then, that we should make is: Am I living so as to best develop my immortal manhood? When Alexander the Great was plundering the palace of Darius,

one of his soldiers found in a leather bag the crown jewels of Persia, worth millions of dollars. The stupid fellow opened the sack, threw the contents away, and boasted that he had found a first-rate bag in which

to carry his dinner. What have we within these forms of ours? Precious souls—jewels that God loves and would have to shine forever in heaven. The body is not simply a bag in which to carry food. It is a casket that contains "that which is of greatest worth the whole creation round." God has told us how to keep it clean and sweet, and pure and shining, and to know that is of more practical importance than the solution of thousand speculative mysteries.

### PRAYING SOLDIERS.

Than the "Bad" Men of the Army.

H. I. Cleveland, in Chicago Times-Herald. It was the sneering comment of British generals in the early days of the revolutionary war that the American soldiers prayed before battle. The instances were umerous during the civil war, where both Confederate and Union forces were halted Of course, there are mysteries in re- before the strife for an invocation. The Great Teacher admitted their | Thomas, like Jackson, rode with his Bible, Aside from my own slight experience with the army which entered Cuba, I have been soliciting nurses and surgeons for stories of the praying soldier. In the frontier land where I was reared the "praying" man was more feared as a fighter, when necessity demanded fight, than was the so-called "bad" man. One of Sibley's captains in that famous '63 pursuit after the Sloux always sent his men into battle with the

'Pray and fight." This story came out during the Rough Riders' reunion at Las Vegas. One of the regiment, an Indian Territory man, was slightly wounded at Las Guasimas. On his way to the rear he was wounded again, and came to the sheltering bluff of a creek feeling that death was near at hand. Try as is that from contrivance. The obvious | he would, his strength was not sufficient to carry him under the lee of the bluff. To stay where he was seemed at that moment an impossibility. In his struggles and endeavor to get over the bank there came to him a dim recollection of something that had been taught him when he was a boy: "God bless me and help me to do right. God make me a good boy. God keep me—"
A loosened bit of earth gave way and down the bank into safety he went. He lay on his back there, his feet in the water of the stream, his eyes fixed on the face of his adjutant, who through fright had deserted his post and hidden. The trooper appre-

ciated the situation, for his prayer ended: "And kill that blasted maverick now." One of the Chicago Red Cross nurses sent to Siboney had in charge a Nebraska boy who was wounded under the colors of the Fourth Infantry. One afternoon, when he

'Did you feel like praying?" His answer was:

"I prayed for five minutes after the firing nature of his prayer. He replied with 'All that I could say was 'Oh, Lord! oh

Lord!' over and over again, but I guess He understood it, for it was meant for prayer.' I was in the cemetery at Montauk, the pitiful waste of sand where the soldier dead were laid, searching for a trace of young Marshall, a Chicago boy, who was missing when the burying squad brought up the body of an unknown soldier for interment. less space from countless worlds? What as | No minister was present, no one to hold any to the hand that sen' systems of worlds | kind of service over this body that was going to the grave without the slightest mark of identification. The rough laborers charged with the duty of burial did not think this was quite right. Hardened as they were to their duties, they still wished for a bit of prayer over every body before the sand was shoveled in upon it. They appealed to a young lieutenant who was crossing the ground. To the surprise of us all, he came, stood by the rude box in which lay the dead, and, uncovering the head prayed. As prayers go, it was not much, and could not be under the circumstances. creator proves with a hundredfold greater | but the act of the unknown officer praying force that God Himself is a created being. | over the unknown dead had so much of the Do we escape perplexity by turning away his eyes moisten and that tightening of the divine in it that not a man present but felt from revealed religion to natural theology? | throat which comes when emotions surge

Quite generally the character of the chaplains who entered Cuba with the army was high. Here and there, though, one would geology and astronomy which no man can | crop out who did not understand men. Such a chaplain usually found himself ostracised after the men discovered his angles. A chaplain of an Illinois regiment came upon and simple thing, which ought to be under- | the men while they were cutting down one of the fine trees near the regimental camp an ancient text-book we are told that heat | in Florida. He watched them at their work is a material something that comes out for a moment, and then exclaimed: "Wha a pity to cut that tree down. It will take a hundred years to replace it, while you can be replaced at any time. This same chaplain, returning from Saniago on a transport with the regiment, looked over a rail into the hold where the horses were crowded and exclaimed:

As the condition of the men was worse than that of the horses, and he had nothing to say for the former, the regiment was furious and scorned him unmercifully. He was a well-meaning chaplain, but his prayers and Bible readings never reached the men under him because of his unfortu-

#### WILLING TO BORROW. Odd Requests Made by Dr. Hale and His Society.

It is possible that Dr. Hale did not fully when he started a paper and a society whose name and motto were "Lend a Hand!"-that is to say, it is possible that, in spite of a pretty full of practical benevolence already, he had not acquired a realizing sense of the number of people and enterprises who need, or think they need, a hand lent them. Anyone who has occasion to wait in Dr. Hale's office in the vicinity of his hour spent there may now get a very clear idea what

You sit comfortably in a chair waiting for people who are employed there manipulating the machinery of practical help to all sorts of good causes. Presently a rather tired and nervous looking woman comes in. "Is Dr. Hale in?"

"Not just at this moment. We expect him "Well, I'm pretty busy-I've got such a lot to do!-perhaps some of you would do just as well as him.' The woman is kindly asked to tell what she wants.

'Well, I see you call yourselves 'Lend-a-Hand,' and you advertise to lend hands, and we have got to get our washing done Mondays, and we've got six children-I thought probably you would lend us a hand through the middle of the day to take care of the The remarkable part of the matter is that

Lend-a-Hand people take account of their benevolent assistance stock, so to speak and actually send somebody over to take care of the baby. This little matter is hardly taken care of before in walks a tall thin man in shiny black clothes and a red chin whisker. "Is Dr. Hale in?"

Not at this moment, but we expect him very soon. "Well, if he's coming right soon, I reckon I'll wait for him." He sits down, and in a few minutes Dr. Hale comes in. The visitor loses no time in presenting himself and and his errand. I am the Rev. Watson B. Jones, of Peach Blow City, Col., and I represent the Colorado Female University. We need an endowment of \$500,000-yes, sir, half a million

dollars-and I want to know, sir, if you can't furnish it?" He goes on to enumerate the virtues and advantages of the Colorado Female University, apparently with a perfect convic-tion that Dr. Hale can furnish him a cool \$500,000 if he is so inclined. I suppose there are plenty of deserving cases in which Dr. Hale would hand out a half million dollars if he had it in his pocket to dispose of. Perhaps he doesn't, often, but the work of ending a hand goes on just the same, use-

#### fully and nobly. Knowledge Made Easy.

Collier's Weekly. Nobody can deny that postage stamp collecting is a great help in teaching children geography. Jack showed this at school when the teacher asked him where Nicaragua was and what it produced chiefly. "It's on Page 98," said Jack, "and it produces more sets of stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

September. Mornings frosty grow, and cold, Brown the grass on hill and wold: Crows are cawing sharp and clear When the rustling corn grows sere Mustering flocks of blackbirds call Here and there a few leaves fall, In the meadows larks sing sweet, Chirps the cricket at our feet,

A golden haze o'erhangs the hill, Amber sunshine's on the floor Just within the open door, Still the crickets call and creak, Never found, though long we seek; Oft comes faint report of gun, Busy flies buzz in the sun, In September.

Evenings chilly are, and damp, Early lighted is the lamp; Fire burns, and kettle sing smoke ascends in thin blue rings; in the west the soft lights die, From the elms a robin's song Rings out sweetly, lingers long, In September.

# MUTINY IN FRENCH ARMY

OFFICER CHARGED WITH MURDER AND FIRING ON HIS OWN FLAG.

Story of a Strange Conflict Between Representatives of the Government in the Heart of Africa.

Paris Letter in St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Before the case of Capt. Dreyfus is out of the way poor troubled France is already provided with a military scandal, in some respects even more grave, which will serve as its successor. In the heart of what is known as the French Sudan, in a region claimed but never ruled by the changing governments in Paris, a drama of hate and

blood and savagery has just been enacted, at which the world stands aghast. Mutiny and murder, a French officer firing upon the French flag, gross cruelty to natives charged and not disproved, possible conflict with another great European power are its moving scenes; savagery and the lust of blood its underlying spirit; officers and gentlemen of the French army at once its heroes and its villains.

Last year an Anglo-French boundary, commission agreed upon a line between the British and French spheres of influence in the region separating the Niger and Lake Chad. To the north of that line, in the French territory near Sinder, the unfortunate Major Cassamajoux, with most of his expedition, had been assassinated by order of the native chiefs, and to take up his work where it had been dropped the now famous Voulet-Chanoine expedition was sent out by the French authorities. Its chief object was to explore the country lying between Say on the Niger and Lake Chad. Both its leaders were men of spirit and experience. Capt. Paul Voulet is an officer of the marines; he was in command of the French forces which came into collision with Capt. Donald Stewart, British resident at Kumassi, during the Ashanti, when he narrowly escaped being another March-

Captain Chanoine is a son of the wellknown general of that name. He had been dile nest was discovered by a hunter, and the eggs presented to the Smithsonian Institution and the Philadelphia Academy of tectorate over Mossi and Gurunsi. Every act of these two officers marked them as bold and daring spirits, believers in the "forward" policy, zealous in extending the sphere of the French flag at whatever cost. In July, 1898, the expedition set out. By October it had reached Jenne, on the Niger. On Oct. 18 Captain Chanoine, with 360 tirailleurs, set out to cross the Niger bend by land, while Captain Voulet, with the stores and ammunition and a smaller force, went around by the river. About Jan. 2 they met again at Sansanne Hausa, on the upper river, and together they spent two months reorganizing their expedition to proceed to Lake Chad. In March they made a start, but were obliged by scarcity of water to return and try again later in the spring. They are now somewhere in the dark interior, fleeing from the wrath to come. The frequent reports of the captains told always

KILL, RAVAGE, CHASTISE. The French have been "too tender" with the natives, Captain Chanoine writes; the Tomas of the Bandlagary have never been | water. converted by the Fulah missionaries and acknowledged no more than an armed neutrality with the French; the Samos of | Some Remarkable Attire Seen in the Yatenga, though for two years reported subjugated, have not yet really submitted; the blacks will never become French until flying columns chase and chastise the Tourags. Always the same insistent urging, kill, ravage, chastise if you would benevplently assimiliate the French Sudan. Once the reports had a different strain. It was when Captain Chanoine stopped in Waga-dugu, capital of the Mossi, and distributed medals to natives who had helped the French against their own brothers, in 1896-97. In Africa, as elsewhere, the only good

natives are the traitors. Then came the inevitable. Rumors floated out of Africa that the trail of the Voulet-Chanoine expedition was stained with blood drawn in cruelty; there was even a strange story, which it is not necessary to credit, that Captain Voulet, perhaps crazed by sufferings and the weight of the vast and lonely forest upon his mind, dreamed of carving for himself an empire in the Sudan. Certain it is that, though most of the cruelty against natives was charged against Captain Chanoine, it was Voulet who took the lead in the bloody and disgraceful scenes that followed. At length came charges that could not be ignored from Lieutenant Peteau, an officer of the

A preliminary inquiry was at once held by the French President at Say, and by Lieutenant Colonel Grave, the commandant of the Eastern Sudan. The result of this preliminary inquiry was far to substantiate the charges that the government instructed Lieutenant Colonel Klobb, who was in military command of the northern district of the Sudan, to proceed with all haste in pursuit of the Voulet-Chanoine expedition, to interrogate the inculpated officers and to conduct an inquiry into the charges made by Lieutenant Peteau. And so Klobb's column set out across the dark forest in pursuit of Voulet and Chanoine. He represented the cause of justice; his purpose was to inquire after truth; punishment or exculpation might follow his report.

But for years Frenchmen have grown accustomed to the spectacle of officers of the general staff holding the army above justice, consistency above the truth. May not to the brains of Voulet and Chanoine, makng them mad indeed? At any rate, the Voulet-Chanoine expedition paid no attention to the summons which Lieutenant Colonel Klobb sent after them by a native runner, bidding them wait his coming. Farther and farther into the dark continent, among the beating and scowling black men whose only hope of freedom lies in the quarrels of the whites, pressed the extraor-dinary chase, Klobb's light column gaining upon the expedition.

KLOBB'S DEATH. It was at Zimber, near Domangar, July 14 last, that Lieutenant Colonel Klobb caught up with the fugitives, and, like a brave man, marched to his death. The letter which Captain Voulet sent to Lieutenant Colonel Klobb, when asked to pause and await his coming, is unique. Here it is, copied from official sources:

"What new infamy is this? Is the fruit of our efforts to be taken from us for the benefit of others? Are we then the first to have acted as we have done? "Let us pursue our own path. Woe to

him who shall attempt to raise obstacles, for we have 600 rifles with which to enforce Later, as the crisis approached, other mes-sages passed. "If you persist in trying to fulfill your mission you are a dead man,' was one of them. Nevertheless Klobb pressed until he stood face to face with the 600 riflemen of the expedition drawn up as if for battle. Klobb had but an escort of thirty men; he represented reason, not force. Nevertheless he continued his ad-

vance in the face of the threat of arms.

He was a brave man.

Captain Voulet ordered his men to present rms; he called to Klobb to go back. "If you advance a step further you will expose yourself to a fusillade," he cried. The opposing forces were near enough for the men to see the whites of each other's eyes. It was point blank range. "I cannot have my arms loaded. Fire if ou dare!" called out the unfortunate you dare!" called out the unfortunate Klobb, faithful to the last. His chief had not contemplated his facing loaded French

rifles level at his breast. His orders did

not permit him to advance with loaded

A volley rang out. Lieutenant Meunier of Klobb's party, fell dead. Klobb himsel was shot in the leg. Yet he walked for-ward without hesitation, his face set and grave, to carry out his orders. A brave man, this Klobb; a thousand pities that

Again Voulet gave the word to fire. Again

a crashing volley rang out. This time Lieutenant Colone: Klobb fell, dying, a few paces in advance of Meunier. Of the thirty defenseless men of the escort ten were wounded, nine were killed, two are unac-When Klobb fell Vo. et was as one made wild by the sight of blood. He had fired on the French flag; he now ordered a bayonet charge, to stab and thrust those who had not fallen to the rattling hall of bullets. Their officers down, Klobb's escort retired under the command of a native sergeant. They took their wounded with them. They took also Voulet's letter to Klobb, which is quoted above. As not one of the natives can write this letter is regarded as proof that the sensational tale they carried back to Desso with their wounded was indeed

the disgraceful truth, and not an invention concocted to conceal a fight with natives in the bush, as Marchand seems to think.

The French government, in the Sudan at least, has taken the gravest view of the situation. The Foureau-Lamy expedition has been ordered to follow the Voulet-Chanoine party, to catch it at any cost.

When the new party reaches Voulet, what will he do? Will he again order his native troops to fire upon Frenchmen? Is he crazed? Has he indeed boasted on the boulevards of Paris that he would make an emparty of the control of the state of the control of the state of the control of the state of the control of the cont vards of Paris that he would make an empire for himself in Africa, as the London Times says? In any event, the French army and the French nation are provided with a fit successor to the Dreyfus case and in poor Lieutenant Colonel Klobb, dead by French

bullets, a hero worthy of France.

THE FLORIDA CROCODILE. How He Differs from His Consin, the Detroit Journal.

At least ten species of the crocodile are known to science, one species being indi-genous to Florida. The difference between the crocodile and the alligator is very marked; the head of the crocodile is longer and narrower, the teeth fewer and whiter, the two lower front tusks fitting into holes in the upper jaws—a feature absent in the alligator. The crocodile is also more flexibly built, is more ferocious and far more pugnacious. It is also more crafty and cunning and keener-eyed in the pursuit of its prey. Florida waters abounding in food. the crocodile has the ferocity of its nature excited by hunger, but when alarmed it plunges into the river or bay and hastens seaward at full speed until out of all danger of a possible foe. Its great speed in the water is owing to its powerful tail, which propels it after the manner of a man sculling a boat. It prefers flight to fight, yet if compelled to defend itself it becomes a foeman worthy of the boldest hunter. The feet are webbed and it can also paddle gently along with them. The teeth are not made for masticating, for when possible it swallows its prey entire. They are hollow at the base and contain the crowns of new and larger ones, so as the saurian increases in size he continues to drop the old teeth and new ones take their places. The ugly and ferocious crocodile is pro vided with a throat valve which effectually prevents the water from running down it and also enables it to secure and drown it prey under water. The nostrils, placed at the extremity of the long nose, permit it to breathe at its ease, while the unfortunate animal captured drowns beneath the surface of the water. Moreover, it can exist a considerable length of time without breathing. In this way the reptile is able to conceal itself when it suspects danger. The nest of the crocodile differs from that of his cousin, the alligator, and shows a great similarity to the turtle's. The eggs

are laid in a hole and then smoothly covered with sand, the precaution making it difficult to find. A year ago a crocoexpedition which established a French pro- Natural Science. A few of the eggs were boxed in sand by the hunter, with the result of hatching one baby "Crocodilus Americanus." The little wriggler is very valuable, as it is said to be one of three captive specimens anywhere. To the "Conchs," or wreckers, who live on the coral keys, the sight of the crocodile

excites but little interest, for, ugly and

dangerous as he looks, he has been taught by them that a man is to be feared. These natives claim that they have seen crocodiles eighteen feet long in the lower end of the Biscayne bay. The crocodile, being an expert swimmer lives largely on fish in Florida waters, but the testimony of old hunters proves that its cunning nature is the same, whether it reptile of the Nile. It does not attack openly, neither will it go ashore for its prey, but will watch for hours for animals or birds to come to the water to drink; then, diving rapidly, it appears under its victim and drags it beneath the surface. Should the intended prey be too far from the water to be reached by the huge mouth, it strikes a blow with the tail and knocks it into the

## THE PARSON'S CLOTHES. British Isles.

One evening when living in London lodgings the landlady appeared. "There is a person waiting to see you." she said, almost severely: "his card says he is a clergyman, but he don't look it." I ran downstairs to recognize an old cierical friend, conscious all the while that the landlady was following me with glum looks. When I saw him made allowance for prejudice. dressed all in gray, but neither trousers nor coat matched, as he had on a red tie. I took him up to my rooms, but I was conscious that I had lost caste with my landlady, and would never regain it. Sitting in my clu smoking room one night with a couple of persons in mufti, a nautical friend came in and sat down beside us. One of my friends asked a question as to parsons as passengers, which unloosed the sailor's tongue. He denounced parsons (at sea) and their ways in such plain English as reminded one of our army in Flanders, and told stories not redounding to clerical credit. At length his tales became so decided in manner, and telling him that, I kicked him gently. "Pray don't stop him," said one riend, who unluckily had noticed the maneuver; though we are parsons we like to hear the truth; indeed, there is nothing we enjoy so much as stories to the discredit the cloth." In the dress of the church clergy of twenty or thirty years ago there were subtle differences, which enabled one to decide at first sight whether the wearer belonged to the school of Pusey, or was a follower of (say) Daniel Wilson. I believe there was once a time when the well set-up parson was accustomed to wear swallow-

tails all day long. If I remember rightly, the Rev. Septimus Harding, the sweet old preceptor of Barchester, always did. I used to know a clergyman, very recently dead, who, till within the last half dozen yearswhen his last dress coat got too old for service-never wore any other kind of coat. It need hardly be said he was a hyper-evangelical. I have noticed that in the matter of coats and trousers there is getting to be a clerical laxity. Short coats, even in Lonlon, are quite usual, due. I suppose, to the leveling influence of the bicycle. At the last church congress there was one parson who of two countries, his purpose being that this extraordinary spectacle have mounted appeared in cycling costume of black, extent to the brains of Voulet and Changine, makhis cap brown. As he wore a short surplice he was quite a marked figure in the robed procession to the church. Not so long ago. in Holborn, I saw an elderly clergyman I knew habited in a cassock, gravely waltzing by himself to the music of a piano organ. He had so admiring a crowd around him that I thought it best not to speak. Afterward I found that there was to be a dance in connection with his church that night, and hearing the organ grinding out a waltz, thought it would be a good opportunity to practice his steps. The cassock seemed to get in his way a great deal Broad churchmen do not care whether their ties are white or black; indeed. I met one the other day who sported an up-and-down collar and a lavender tie.

## A Hungry Elephant.

Philadelphia Record. There is a big elephant at the export exposition with an instinct that approaches very close to human understanding. He is one of the most patient of animals, but when hungry he demands attention in the most imperative way. While quarters were being prepared for him the elephant was tied to a post in the rear of a restaurant. The smell from the kitchen was very appetizing to a hungry pachyderm and one day a gentle tap came on the kitchen window. The chef paid no attention, and in a few minutes the rap was repeated, louder than before. This summons also passed unnoticed, but the next one that came could not be misunderstood. The end of the kitchen is built of thin boards, and the first thing the cook knew his pots and pans were flying about the kitchen. The angry elephant was flailing the thin partition with tremendous blows. The frightened cook fairly flew out the back door with a dish of apples and other edibles so highly prized by elephants, and there were no further summons that day. The next day when a gentle tap came to the window it received prompt attention, and more dainties were forthcoming.

The First Fire of the Season. How it sleeps, in trance delighted, How it looms in liquid shining. How it glooms in wan declining While around the hearth we gather, One and all, In the bleak and windy weather

Friendly flame, remote Chaldean seers of name effaced, Sabean shepherds in the elder ages. Persian bards in mystic pages, Thee adored, for so divinely Half we follow, and enshrine thee

Of the fall!

Dear the friends each heart remembers As in cheer we stir the embers, Bid the ash renew its beauty. sparkle, flash and glow, till duty, through the comfort of the hour, Wooes our soul And we deem its sterner dower Life's best goal. we dream not visionary

When we deem the missionary Household fire, once more relighted. Blazing higher the whole united. 'Round the hearth of home we gather,

# THE TROUBLE IN AFRICA

THE BOER SIDE OF THE CONTROVER. SY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

How the Situation Strikes an American Who Has Lived in Johannesburg-Should War Result.

Philadelphia Record.

When the civilized world fully realizes the differences between England and the Transvaal, which threaten war, the firm stand taken by President Paul Kruger will be applauded by all who are unprejudiced. There is not an American who would tolerate for a moment the insults heaped on his country, which for the last ten years the Boers have borne with remarkable patience; because they have desired to avert bloodshed. As the English have increased in numbers at Johannesburg, so has the acrimony against the Transvaal and all appertaining to the

Boers become more bitter. The writer while at Johannesburg daily expected a clash between the Boers and the British, but it was only the sublime patience of the Boers that averted a conflict. It is the custom to have the band play in the Johannesburg market house every Saturday night, the concert concluding with the Transvaal national anthem. The writer has time and again heard the Englishmen hiss and hoot the band while it played the Transvaal anthem, and try to drown the music by singing "God Save the Queen." He has seen Boer officers insulted in the principal streets of the Rand, and he has wondered at the silent contempt with which the Boers treated their insulters. Yet these are the Englishmen who are crying out for the right to vote in the Transvaal and refuse to give up their allegiance to Great

The whole franchise question is but a

cloak to cover up one of the most unjust

and colossal land grabs ever perpetrated by

even John Bull. The real reason for all this trouble is the desire of England to secure possession of the gold mines of Johannesburg, which are the richest in the world, their value being estimated at \$50,000,000,000. A BIT OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY. The present difficulty in South Africa ma be best understood by the following brief resume of Boer history: Originally the Boers were Dutch who settled in the latter part of the seventeenth century in Cape Colony. After the English captured that portion of Africa things became so unbearable for the Boers that in 1834 about 10,000 of them treked across the Orange river beyond the scope of British influence. Many of these migrators settled in the present Natal colony, and in 1838 Pretorius, with 460 men, boldly gave battle to Zulu King Dingaare and his 12,000 Zulus on the banks of the Umhlatoozi river. The Zulus

were completely routed, lcaving 3,000 dead on the battlefield. This event is annually celebrated in the Transvaal as a public holf-In 1840 the Boers declared an independent Dutch republic in Natal, but in 1843 they were ousted by the English and the country declared British territory. The Boers once more turned their faces northward in 1847 and treked across the Drakensberg mountains, settling in the Transvaal (meaning across the Vaal river.) They again declared their independence in 1848. which was recognized by Great Britain on May 23, 1849. In March, 1877, after various pretexts, Sir T. Shepstone visited Pretoria and urged annexation of the country to Nata. In April of the same year Eir shepstone, at Pretoria, declared Transvaal Brit-ish territory. The Boers opposed British rule, which was oppressive. Shepstone, as resident minister, had prohibited the Boers to tie their wagons in public squares. This and other petty annoyances fomented the war of 1880 and 1881, by which the Boers won their independence again, but with a British suzerainty. In 1884 another treaty was made, and for some reason the word suzerainty was left out, and it is because of

that England has no suzerainty over his It must be remembered that the Boers found the Transvaal abounding with hostile natives and wild animals. It took years fighting and the loss of much blood before the country was made habitable. When it was so rendered the British pounced After the war of 1880-81 the British had 'no-good place," a British officer stated it was only a place to kill British soldiers and good dogs. There was a change in this feel-

that omission that President Kruger holds

ing when gold was found in Barberton, in THE JOHANNESBURG GOLD FIELDS. It was when the wealth of the Johannesburg gold fields was made known in 1887 that the English beame anxious once more to secure control of the country. They certainly cannot complain of unjust mining the Transvaal than he is in the British possessions-Matabeleland and Mashonaland. The mining laws of the Transvaal are identical with those of Colorado, Nevada and California, being based on them and

drawn up by John Hays Hammond, the Californian who won notoriety in connection with the Jameson raid in 1895 Equitable laws and freedom equal to that received at home did not suit the Britisher. He wanted the right to vote without re-nouncing his allegiance to Great Britain, In other words, he desired to be a subject when he secured enough votes to turn the realizing this, has bitterly granting of franchise. He told Sir Henry B. Lock, in 1893, then Governor of Cape Colony, that if the laws of the Transvaal did not suit the English they were at lib-erty to leave. No one had asked them to come to the country, but it was a fact that they made more money in Johannesburg than they ever made in England. He would protect them in their rights, but at the same time, as President of the country and a patriot, he would defend his land against any aggression. Sir Lock was defeated in his diplomatic mission, and it is peculiar how the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain can even assume to take the part of those in voting privileges who renounced their allegiance to Great Britain. The Britisher must make such an oath to be naturalized and permitted to vote in the Transvaal.

SHOULD WAR RESULT. If war should result from the present difficulties the Boers will line the Natal border from Laing's Neck to Charleston with troops. Men who will fight until the last drop of blood is shed. At Charleston, where Majuba hill is located and the scene of British defeat in 1881, would probably be struck the first blow. It would no doubt be the desire of the Boers to raid Newcastle, Dundee and Ladysmith, all in the Natal colony.

The Boers can place at least 40,000 men in the field and there is little doubt but that the Orange Free State will take up the Boers' cause, as the Free State burghers are the descendants of those who treked from Cape Colony in 1834, and they have not forgotten that England stole the territory from the Orange Free State in which located the great diamond mines of Kimberley. Between the Orange Free State and the Boers about 65,000 men can be placed under arms; men who know how to shoot; men who have won victories where the English have failed; men who still re-member Dingman's defeat and the slaughter of British troops at Majuba hill. There will be the women, too, for the Boer women are as handy with guns and as sturdy in battle as their sires. This they demonstrated in 1881.

Among the first acts of President Kruger in the event of war will be to seize all railroads entering into the Transvaal and take possession of the mines at Johannesburg, which would be dynamited if Boer arms which would be dynamited if Boer arms should suffer reverses. This would mean a loss to British capitalists of untold millions. To defeat the Transvaal forces England will have a long war on her hands and would be compelled to place at least 150,000 soldiers in the South African area. It will be a war to the bitter end, for failure would mean the loss of all to the

What One Hears in the Telephone. New Orleans Times-Democrat. "It is very hard to realise that the voice one hears over the telephone is not the voice of the person who is talking," said an electrician, chatting about the oddities of

real tones drawn out thin and small and carried from a long distance by some mechanical means—but it isn't. When

Cura \$1.25

> Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin, CUTICURA Ointment, to heal the skin, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool the blood, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing. disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humors, rashes, tichings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians, and all other remedies fai





### When Dewey Comes When Dewey comes, when Dewey comes! The bugles play, there's thrum of drums, The starry flag unrolls once more And cannon roar from shore to shore,

When Dewey comes, when Dewey comes! There'll be a feast, no saving crumbs, We'll open Lieber's beer and say: "Health to the man who won the day Upon that glorious first of May," When Dewey comes!

Huzzah, Huzzah, till lungs are sore.

When Dewey comes!

Telephone 578 and the

# INDIANAPOLIS BREWING CO.

Will send you the celebrating beverage.

vibrate, and each vibration sends a wave of electricity over the wire. These waves set up a mimic vibration in another diaphragm at the opposite end. which jars the air and produces an imitation of the original voice. That's not a very scientific explanation, but it's accurate. The autograph-telegraph, which makes a facsimile of handwriting, is a fair parellel. You write your message with a pen, attached to a special electric apparatus and a little ink siphon at the other end of the line exactly imitates every dot and curve. The result seems like the real thing, but is merely a first-class counterfeit. It's the same way exactly with the voice in the 'phone.'

DISEASES

MEDICINAL

A WORD FOR THE SPARROW.

Opinion Gaining Ground that the Bird Has His Merits. Detroit Free Press. In England there is a good deal of feel

ing that the benefit of the sparrow's presence far outweighs its curse. Testimony was taken not many years since by commission appointed by Parliament which a good many things were said favor of the little tellow. In one case was shown that after the sparrows had been killed off an estate the caterpillars had multiplied in a frightful manner and the crops had been ruined. Then the birds were allowed to come in again and the insects were killed off by them. James Bell, gardener to the Duke of Wellington, testifled along this line and said that the sparrows were a benefit. The Rev. Theodore Wood has written in one of the magazines to the same effect. He stated that in a taxed less and given greater freedom in 33,600 caterpillars and insects to their young. The Kentish papers a few years ago said that the farmers of the region attributed the prevalence of the maggot on fruits and trees to the killing off of the sparrow. The report of the entomological branch of the United States Agricultural Department a year or so ago, while scoring the sparrow, gave the following returns from inquiries made: Out of 584 answers with. It was a quart of the coldest thing

sent in from all parts of the country 307 were favorable and 265 unfavorable to the Certain it is that in this city, with the diminish in number. Since then the erpillars have been growing constantly worse, and now are threatening many of the fine trees of the city. An ornithologist and a florist each said the other day that he had no doubt that this was the effect of the killing of the sparrows. Yet the dead sparrows are coming in every day. True hat the rifle has been prohibited and the ndiscriminate scattering of poison has been sat down upon, but in spite of this fact a few sparrows are killed every day. Has run law been enforced long enough? The claim that the sparrow devours grain may be true, but the claim that it does great damage need not be so. Much of the grain eaten by the sparrow is either picked up on streets and roads or from the scattered kernels lying on the ground which would otherwise be wasted. The estimate of one of the enemies of the sparrow in England is that the birds devour 313,404 tons of wheat. How ridiculous this is may be seen from the fact that this is one-sixth of the amount produced in all England. The spar-row is a lively and cheerful citizen and has

many good points to offset the undesirable, if he has that. Overworked Exclamations. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Hello, there! Haven't I heard you some where before?" 'Guess you have. I'm 'Renewed Laugh ter.' And you, if I mistake not, are 'Great That's right. And who's your short "I thought you'd met. This is 'Loud Pro-"Glad to meet you, sir. It isn't often that we three get together." "No, it isn't. They take good care to keep us apart. But they did almost forget themselves on Friday. Did you notice it,

Sensation? I believe I did. 'Loud Protests followed Renewed Laughter.' wasn't it? I know that they sadly overworked me on Satur-'Great Sensation' three times in half Yes, I noticed it. It struck me at th time that something a little fresher would have been preferable." What did you observe, M. Protests? Re peat it if you please.

"Come, come, gentlemen, this is no time for squabbling. They'll be calling for us from the courtroom in a few minutes. Shake hands, M. Sensation and M. Protests. hat's right. We are here to revolt against the frequent liberties taken with us. If these liberties continue we will feel obliged to strike."

"Thanks, confreres. We will show these sterical Frenchies who's that screaming "That's little 'Cries of Oh, Oh.' He wants to join us. But, hark, they are reassem-bling in the courtroom. Come on."

A Writing Age. Boston Transcript

What an age this is for literary redun-dancy! What with the telegraph and the telephone, aided and abetted by the type-writer, the making of "copy" is an easy and rapid pastime. The consequence is that expansion is the rule in diurnal litera-

membered for the product of their pens rather than for the swish of their swords? There are so many writers that they quite outnumber the readers. The consequence is that the readers read but a small part of what is written. There were thousands of readers who very soon sickened of the Spanish war, and only glanced over the headlines, even if they did as much as that. Even the Dreyfus trial, distinctly dramatic, does not get the attention it re ceived at the beginning. There is hardly anything imaginable that could be counted upon for a permanent attraction. Then there is such a diversity of matter! He who keeps himself en rapport with the news of the world fails to become properly impregnated with the sporting intelligence, and he who is up on golf or polo is likely to be a very dunce in the study of ward politics. But what is to be done? Everytody who takes a paper insists that it shall contain everything possible about the thing that interests him, and there are so many individual subscribers, each with his particular fad or foible, a universal deluge is the result. Each of us, therefore, must be a specialist or a skimmer. Life is too short to read all that is printed about ev-

TRIPLER AND HIS BEEFSTEAK. He Treated It to a Brief Course of

Liquid Air. Saturday Evening Post. Charles E. Tripler, the famous experi-menter in liquid air, recently went to Bos-ton to visit his friend, Elihu Thompson, the electrical expert. He took with him a can of liquefied air. It was a simple-looking can, and might have held baked beans or cold coffee, so far as its outward appear-ance went. But it contained a fluid so cold that a cake of ice acts on it like fire on water. It makes it boil. It is so cold that it freezes alcohol stiff, and turns mercury into a substance hard enough to drive nails can, and he took it with him to luncheon where he put it on the floor by his chair. They lunched in a hotel cafe and ordered disappearance of the sparrow there has a steak. After it had been brought in made its appearance a far more invidious and while the waiter's back was turned and unconquerable enemy, the caterpillar. Mr. Tripler lifted it from the platter, opened Two or three years ago the sparrows began | the can and exposed the meat to the liquid was as hard as a rock "Waiter!" called Mr. Tripler. "Come here." The waiter obeyed.

"What's the matter with this steak?" asked anxiously. And he lifted it from the plate by two fingers and struck it with his knife. The frozen meat rang like a bell.
"I do-d-on't k-n-now, sir," he faltered,
and he started for the head waiter on the Mr. Tripler, by the way, is one of the

fiercest-looking men in the inventing business. His mustache is of the pirate cut. and his eyebrows bristle and meet in the middle. Therefore the head waiter approached him with almost timidity. "Do you serve your steaks like this as a ule?" asked Mr. Tripler, as he struck the time of day on it. "It's that fool chef," explained the head walter as he started for the kitchen. A few minutes later the chef appeared with the head waiter. He recognized the steak by sight at once. Then Mr. Tripler took it up and made it ring again. "Mercy! Gracious!" ejaculated the chef, piously crossing himself. "I didn't do it, Then Mr. Tripler smiled, and Mr. Thompson laughed. A new steak was ordered, and the frozen one was carried below to fool

the rest of the kitchen.

A "Christian" Daily Paper. Christian Work.

Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," proposes "the raising of \$1,000,000 for the immediate establishment of a Christian daily newspaper." We have an idea

that sum can be better employed than by sinking it in establishing a daily religious newspaper. Such a paper would be of no use, and would be a failure in advance; that catered only to Christian readers. There is, although Mr. Sheldon may not think it, a bit of Christian selfishness in this proposition. It is much better that our dailies should be edited by Christian men, and made clean and sweet, yet newsy, bright and able, and so appeal to the best motives of all people, than that it should be attempted to supply a paper exclusively and specifically Christian. We have an idea that all that is needed is the best utilizing of the forces we have-the church, the home, the Sunday school. Put the Christian life into will be all right. Anyway, we would rathe see a million raised for putting Christiani into the home than for starting a daily Christian paper, with its inevitable conflicts in the political field; no, we don't need that.

Collier's Weekly.

They had been married fully three months, and were having their thirteenth quarrel-"You only married me for my money," he "I didn't do anything of the kind," a

"Well, you didn't marry me because you "In heaven's name, then, what did yo "Just to make that hateful Kate So ed to cry her eyes out be

marry me for?"